OF MONOCACY.

Gallant Stand made by a Greatly Inferior Force.

LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES.

Alarm of the People of Washington and Baltimore.

A paper prepared by request of Post Stannard, No. 2, Grand Army of the Republic, Burlington, VI., and read to them Friday evening, April 25, 1873, by Geo. E. Davis, Burlington, Vt., late Capt. Co. D. 10th Vt., First Brig., Third Dir., Sixth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. Revised and corrected since revisiting the battle-ground in Maryland in 1875.

The third annual invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania commenced about the usual time, but with more than the usual success. Gen. Grant's plan for 1864 included active operations in the Shenandonh Valley during the Wilderness campaign; but all plans for this beautiful valley came to naught. In June Gen. Hunter, of the Union army, with 20,000 men, threatened Lynchburg, Va.

Gen. Lee promptly sent to the latter place Ewell's entire corps, Breckinridge's division, and two brigades of Hill's corps, comprising from 20,000 to 25,000 men, under command of Lieut.-Gen. Jubal A. Early.

Before this column fairly reached Lynchburg, Gen. Hunter decided to leave, having had a partial engagement with the enemy June 18, and being defeated. Hunter's army was nearly out of ammunition.

With the usual wisdom heretofore shown in the Shenandoah Valley campaigns, he retreated in a westerly direction towards the Ohio, instead of keeping his army between our National Capital and the enemy. This left

THE BACK DOOR TO THE NORTHERN STATES wide open, with free ingress and too tempting a prospect to be resisted. The Shenandeah Valley was in a fine condition. Gen. Lee's army drew their principal supplies of meat, grain, forage, salt, lead and iron from the Vallcy, and its possession was essential to the support of his army. The magnificence of the waving crops can hardly be imagined.

The enemy bides his time. He has an itching palm for plander, but he does not reap unripe hervests. Time was whiled away in gathering supplies, marching toward Maryland, burning the town of Williamsport, frightening Gen. Weber on Maryland Hights, sacking Hagerstown and taking a ransom of \$20,000 for such raiding up towards Pennsylvania and scouring the country for horses, cattle, supplies and

On the 7th of July, 186t, they were at Midwest of Frederick City, and separated from it by the Catoctin Mountains. Wednesday morning, July 6, our division (the 3d) of the Sixth Army Corps, in the intreachments before Petersburg, Va., received orders to march at once to City Point, on the James River, and take steamers for Baltimore. This division kad only two brigades with less than 4,000 men, in command of Brevet Maj.-Gen. J. B. Ricketts, an accomplished and brave officer of the Regular Army, and a true gentleman. As Captain loved. The march of 15 miles to City Point was in a burning sun, a sultry air, with clouds of dust filling the air so that no object could be seen hardly a rod in advance. At 4 p. m. we were steaming down James River, thankful shot and shell. For two months we had been

UNDER THE FIRE OF THE ENEMY night and day, almost constantly fighting and marching-through the Wilderness, Spottsyl- in a quarter circle, which Lieut.-Col. Chandler vania and Cold Harbor; through swamps, (10th Vt.), as division efficer of the day, was rivers, erecks, pathless woods; over dry, sandy ordered to fill. I was detailed, with 75 men of roads; snatching a few moments sleep, some- our regiment, to report to Capt. Brown, comtimes in the burning sun, sometimes upon | manding 200 men of the 1st Regiment Potomac acres of large trees to get heavy timber, -all the | bridge. time ready for battle. Good-by, grand old Army of the Potomac! Public opinion has abused you, but you contain true men and tried of our regiment, were riding up the pike to-Generals, who have formed lasting friendships | wards Frederick about 8 a. m. to eat breakfast, under circumstances that developed a man's which they had engaged there the evening pretrue character. In Maryland we shall find vious; suddenly they met a squad of cavalry neither sewed nor pegged!

We reached Baltimore in 24 hours, at 4 p. m., Thursday, July 7, and after some delay took | Our comrade and former Adjutant of this condition of the cars.

made cattle time.

MAJ-GEN. LEW WALLACE,

district. The enemy, as we have said, was at joined him. The accent and complexion of Middletown and on Catoctin Mountain, within | the stranger were southern. Each tried to be sight of us and watching. The evening before sociable, but it was uphill work to be interestour arrival a skirmish occurred a little west of ling under such circumstances. Each watched Frederick between our cavalry and a large every motion of the other with right hand force of Confederate cavalry under Gen. Brad- upon the revolver. Soon the stranger moved ley T. Johnson, resulting, of course, in the off at a right angle, greatly to the relief of our withdrawal of our men. The 10th Vt., Col. W.W. friend Barber, as his revolver was not loaded. Henry, of this city, in command, was the first

apparently unmindful of that untasted coffee. our regiment carried our wounded into their We threw up mock breastworks, marched cellar, and afterwards the enemy did the same. from hill to hill, countermarched, dressed and re-dressed, formed and re-formed, till our patience and strength were well-nigh exhausted. the patches show plainly what solid shot and Other regiments of our division arrived during shell did to that house. When the enemy the day, so that we were not alone in this came down the pike to the bridge over the seemingly foolish proceeding. Regimental railroad where I was stationed, the 100-day commanders were the only ones who knew the men with me refused to fire upon them, as object of these movements. During this long they were blue, and begged my men to stop

scouts, pickets, and from Gen. Sigel, who esti- vanced. By this delay we were in great dan-

emerged from the depot.

CITIZEN REFUGEES clothes, sometimes running, lest we lose sight overlapped ours at either flank. of those in front of us, and thus get lost. Many of queer proceedings, but the climax was his official report of this battle: reached about 2 a. m. Saturday, July 9, when we halted at Monocacy Junction, (or Frederick Junction, as the railroad guide books say,) just four miles from Frederick City, with a good road between them! Why did we

march all day yesterday in Frederick? TO DECEIVE THE ENEMY, who could see us, but not distinctly. To show off as a much larger body than were really present. Why did we make that hurried, tearing, swearing, tumbling night march of 15 miles instead of marching straight down the Washington pike? Because Gen. Early occupied that pike, and every other outlet of Frederick City, except the one by which we barely escaped capture as prisoners.

It behooved us to place ourselves between Washington and the exemy in the shortest possible time. It is easy to ask questions, criticize and complain. That day and night's experience, with its lesson of silent obedience to orders, even under trying circumstances, with its practical lessons in religion and business, have been very valuable to many. Frereason of a command that to their limited knowledge is very unnecessary.

So in spiritual things; men are but children | This second charge and repulse was of a larger growth, and simple obedience to God's command is a higher attainment than all else. A short nap on the ground, (during which a smart shower of rain had fallen, but the first evidence I had of it was that my clothing was wet through, yet it did not disturb my | ive, with fair protection, an open field, and a slumber,) rations issued, and our

LINES WERE FORMED FOR BATTLE. E. B. Tyler, consisted of the following troops: 3d Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Col. Chas. Gilpin; 11th Md., Col. Landstreet; seven companies of the 149th and three companies of the 159th Ohio National Guard, under Col. A. L. Brown; Lieut.-Col. Clendenia, with 259 cavalry (8th Ill.); Capt. E. H. Lieb, with 100 mounted infantry; Capt. Brown, with 200 men of the 1st Regiment Potomac (Maryland) Home Brigade, and Capt. Alexander, with three guns of his battery. Total-less than 2,500 men, extending from the Baltimore pike (their right) property as could not be destroyed or stolen, just enlisted for the emergency. All were inthe 8th Ill. Cav.

The left wing, under Gen. Ricketts, extended from the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, along the dletown, Md., in a beautiful valley a few miles | east bank of Monocacy River about one mile, Col. W. S. Truax (14th N. J.) 1,759 men, con- structions from Lieut.-Col. C. G. Chandler, in panies of the 122d Ohio.

right resting upon Gamble's mill-race. The First Brigade was at the left of the Second, for rest, pure air, and to be beyond the reach of and the cavalry at the extreme right and left of the line. This left a gap between the right and left wings of the army, from the railroad bridge to the wooden bridge where the pike crosses the river, of one-quarter mile or more.

Dr. Barr, Division Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon J. C. Rutherford, and Chaplain Haynes, tables, blackberries, fruit, and pies that are troops, but the cavalry fired upon our unarmed friends when within 150 yards. THIS WAS THE FIRST SHOT.

cattle cars on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Post, Dr. S. J. Barber, Adjutant, 106th N. Y. for Frederick City, where we arrived Friday came near being captured the afternoon before, morning, July 8, very weary from the crowded not far from this spot. When the train bringing his regiment stopped at Frederick June-This distance, 62 miles, is made by express tion, Adjutant Barber made haste to jump his trains in two hours, but being in cattle cars we horse from the train, supposing that to be their destination. The train moved on to Frederick. So the Adjutant rode up the pike alone. A of the Western Army, was in command of this | cavalryman, in blue, rode across the field and

THE BATTLE OPENED to arrive from the Army of the Potomac. To at 8:30 with a shell from the enemy that morour Colonel Gen. Wallace revealed the situa- tally wounded two men in the 151st N. Y. So tion and plans, but not to the under-officers or sudden and unexpected was the battle that men. We took position on a knell west of the Mr. C. K. Thomas, upon whose farm we were, city, stacked arms, and at 9 a. m. our coffee with his family, were compelled to seek safety was nearly ready, when we were ordered to in the cellar of their house, which was between march to the east side of the city, where we the lines of battle, where they remained from formed lines upon various knolls and ridges, morning till late in the afternoon. At first

The house is of brick, large, and was once painted, but not since the battle; therefore, and anxious day (Friday, July 8) orderlies firing. After several of our men had been came in frequently with dispatches from our killed and others wounded they were con-

mated the enemy at 20,000 men. Anxious ger of capture, as the enemy were able to aplooks were frequently east to Catoctin Moun- proach very near to us-within 15 or 20 rods. tain by those who knew the situation, and | The Captain in command of this skirmishrelief was apparent when a fresh regiment line was my senior, but he insisted upon my taking the command. Artillery firing and sharp skirmishing were kept up all along the

came in from the west and south, carrying or line, the enemy meantime moving round to driving their worldly possessions beyond the our left, where they crossed the Monocacy reach of the invader. At dark Gen. Wallace | River. This compelled Gen. Ricketts to change and all our troops evacuated Frederick City, front more to the left, his right resting upon taking the Baltimore pike eastward. Crossing | Monocacy River. Such was the number of the Monocacy River we turned southeast, then | Confederate troops in excess of ours that our south, across fields, over fences, creeks, through | whole division was formed in one line of battangled forest, scratching our faces, tearing our tle, without reserves, and yet the enemy's line

THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS POSITION, good soldiers grumbled at this day and night | chosen by Gen. Wallace, is thus referred to in

> Within the space of two miles converge the pikes to Washington and Baltimore, and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; there, also, is the iron bridge over the Monocacy, upon which depends railroad communication to Harper's Ferry. As a defensive position for an army seeking to cover the cities above named against a force marching from the direction I was threatened the point is represented. direction I was threatened, the point is very strong; the river covers its entire front. In a low stage of water the fords are few and difficult for artillery. The commanding hights are all on the castern bank, while the ground on the opposite side is level and almost without obstruction. There was no force that could be thrown in time between the Capital and the rebeis but mine, which was probably too small to defeat them, but certainly strong enough to gain time and compel them to expose their strength. On the left, as it was likely to be the main point of attack, I directed Gen. Ricketts to form his command across the Washington pike, so as to hold the rising ground south of it and the wooden bridge across the river.

About 10:30 a. m. the first charge of the enemy upon the Third Division line, east of the river, was handsomely and completely repulsed. A portion of the 10th Vt. were at Mr. C. K. Thomas's house. Several times the enemy's line was broken near the Thomas house, and their colors fell. Their attempts to rally and reform their line were ineffectual, such was the position and firing of the 10th Vt. and quently we cannot explain to our children the | 106th N. Y. The enemy then made a second charge with good lines, and such a steady bearing as seemed to say "no defeat this time."

A GRAND SCENE, such as made the blood tingle in our veins. It was a marked contrast to the Petersburg riflepit style of fighting. Here our men had the advantage of position, acting upon the defensfull view, with plenty of material before them. Not that we desired the death of fellow-men, | prizes. The right wing, under command of Brig.-Gen. | but as the necessity was often upon us, it was | a relief to have occasionally a fair chance. The here, but were told by their officers (so prisoners informed us) that they had nothing but Home Guards to contend with. This, and this only, accounts for the recklessness with which they marched up to our guns. Although not idle upon our picket or skirmish-line, yet we could find time to watch with intense interest the main battle at our left, which was upon lower ground than that upon which we stood. been withdrawn without notice to us.

THIS WAS A QUEER PREDICAMENT. right; the enemy advancing upon our front; with 3,350 veteran troops in 10 small regi- the Monocacy River behind us. I sent a solments, viz.: The First Brigade, commanded by | dier to wade or swim the river, and ask for insisted of the 10th Vt., 14th N. J., 106th N. Y., charge of the division skirmish detail. My or-151st N. Y., and 87th Pa. The Second Brigade | ders in the morning were " to hold the bridge was that day commanded by Col. McClennan over the railroad at all bazards." My soldier (138th Pa.), 1,000 men, including the 110th and | brought back no instructions whatever, but the 126th Ohio, 138th Pa., 9th N. Y., and five com- | comforting intelligence that Lieut.-Col. Chandler supposed that we had retreated over the The Second Brigade commander and staff, bridge before it was burned. The enemy presswith the 67th Pa., 6th Md., and five companies | ed us so hard at one time that for a few moof a battery in the Mexican war, and at Bull of the 123d Ohio did not participate in any ments we sought refuge in a railroad cut a few Run in July, 1861, he is widely known and part of the battle, having remained at Monro- rods to the rear, but quickly regained our posivia Station, eight miles to the rear, although tion and held it. It was now noon. Gen. ordered to come up. The Second Brigade was Wallace, in his report of the condition at this posted at the right of our division line, their | moment (after twice repulsing the enemy), says: I could probably have retired without much main object of the battle, however, was unaccom plished—the rebel strength was not yet developed. At 1 o'clock the three re-enforcing regiments of veterans (6th Md., 6th Pa., five companies of 122d Ohio) would be on the ground; and, then, the splendid behavior of Ricketts and his men inspired me with confidence. One o'clock came and no re-enforcements, and it was impossible to get an order

to them; my telegraph operator and the railroad agent, with both his trains, had run away. QUEER CONDUCT OF A SHELL. During a momentary pause in the action, Lieut. L. A. Abbott, of my company, was remuddy ground with rain falling in our faces; Home Brigade, and was stationed on the high clining upon the ground, resting upon his building many miles of earthworks, felling knoll where the pike crosses the railroad by a elbow. A rebel shell burst near him, and a piece of it passed between his right side and inches, breaking into small splinters a nice pen and pencil-holder, comb, and other things in his vest pocket, inflicting a bruise upon his even now, nearly 20 years after its occurrence, pure springs of water, ice-houses, poultry, vege- in bine jackets, supposed at first to be Union | yet no bones were broken, and no blood drawn. Sharp skirmishing and artillery firing were | him. kept up most of the time. About 3:30 p. m. woods before us, where they formed.

The 10th Vt. was withdrawn from the fence near the Thomas house, upon the appearance of the enemy, to a better defensive position along the pike, where it was lower than the land west of it by reason of heavy rains having washed out much earth. This gave us an earthwork and a fence. Notwithstanding the good position, the fighting at this point was so severe and the shelling so terrific that most of the losses were here.

THE ENEMY CAME UP CALMLY, and the skirmish-line and first line of battle were repulsed after an hour's desperate fighting. The loss was very heavy on both sides, but proportionately much larger with the enemy than with our side, as they were the attacking party and had five times our number of men. The third line (counting the heavy skirmish-line one) now came up, which Gen. Wallace sceing, he at once sent an order to Gen. Ricketts to withdraw his troops by a back road up the river to the Baltimore pike. This was necessary not only to avoid useless slaughter, but because Gen. Ricketts's First Brigade were needing ammunition. Some regiments were entirely out, others nearly so. We had no supply or baggage trains. This order to retreat did not reach the 10th Vt., upon the extreme left of the line, nor any other communication, after the last severe struggle began at 3:30 p. m. The road by which they were to retreat was nearly parallel with the line of battle, unfortunately, with rising ground at the right of the 10th Vt., which ex-

[Continued on 2d page.]

for Freedom.

Brave Black Men Who Dared to Strike

TILLMAN, THE SHIP'S COOK

Who Recaptured His Vessel from the Rebels.

ROBERT SMALL, CAPT.

Who Brought The Planter Out of Charleston.

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XXXVIII. To the Boys and Girls of the United States: In this letter I shall write about a man who made himself a hero. A hero is a man of valor ing and enterprise in accomplishing great itzer. things for himself or his fellow-men. I dare say that very few of the boys and girls of the United States ever heard of Wm. Tillman. He was a negro cook on a schooner-the S. J.

Waring of New York. The schooner sailed from that port in June, 1861, just after the battle of Bull Run, for South America. The vessel was off the coast of South Carolina when and four sailors on beard. The Confederate which he resolves to put in execution. Charleston I will have you sold," he said to

The schooner was headed towards Charles- plan. ton and the Jeff Davis steered away for other

Wm. Tillman was a free man-

NEVER HAD BEEN A SLAVE; great majority of the enemy knew not that a | but if the schooner were to reach Charleston portion of the Army of the Potomac had arrived | he would be sold. Perhaps he never had heard the song written by Rouquet de Lisle-the Marseillaise of France-

"O Liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame!" He felt it, however, and determined to strike

a great blow to secure his freedom. Night comes. The white sails are set and the vessel is gliding towards Charleston. William is laying his plans. Lt midnight he steals where the stone bridge crosses the Monocacy | About 10:30 a. m., during the first charge, the softly on deck. The German is at the wheel. River, to the bridge at Monocacy Junction, a distance of two and a half miles. The 11th Mas burned by order of Gen. Wallace, to guard against a flank attack upon Gen. Ricketts's line Captain has gone to bed in its sound asleep in experienced in war, except the 250 veterans of the picket-line from the hill to the bridge had the cabin door, swings the club with the strength of a giant, killing the Captain at a single stroke. No cry is heard. He feels the pulse Nothing upon my left; raw recruits upon my | till it ceases to beat, creeps on deck, strikes the Mate a blow, wounding, but not killing him. "HELP! HELP!"

> the Mate cries, drawing his revolver, but before he can use it another blow comes and he falls dead upon the deck. The four sailors are rushing aft, but are confronted by the negro with "Stop, or I'll shoot every one of you. Godown

and take the irons off that man, or I'll kill you every one," he shouts, following them to the hatch. They release the Yankee sailor. "Now it is your turn," he says to the four;

and in a few minutes all of the Confederate sailors are in irons. "I am Captain. About ship!" The German and Yankee shift the sails, and the schooner,

which a few moments before was gliding towards Charleston, is heading for New York. A storm comes on; more men are needed. The Confederates are released.

"If you obey orders you will be kindly treated; if not, you will be shot," are the words of Captain Tillman. Five days more and the schooner, with the Stars and Stripes at the mast-head, sails into New York-Wm. Tillman

EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK.

Great the wonder. A negro do this! The newspapers told the story. Barnum, the great showman, read it and hastened on board the schooner. He must have the hero to exhibit the ground, in a space of not over two in his museum. Crowds come to see the hero who devised and executed the plan of re-capturing a vessel from the Confederates and who had exhibited a heroism as great as that of William side from which he suffers almost constantly | Tell or any other hero of history. He had recaptured the vessel, and was entitled to the prize-money-\$5,000, which Congress voted

His heroism set people in the Northern the third and last grand charge of the enemy | States, who thought of the negro as a weak and was made upon the whole Third Division line | cowardly race, to thinking. What white man under cover of a heavy fire from the Confed- had done braver thing-? What white man erate artillery. A strong skirmish-line, fol- had laid a plan more skillfully or executed it lowed by two lines of battle, emerged from the | more deliberately? Would not the time come when the slaves would strike a blow for free-

> "To this colored man," said the New York Tribune, "is this Nation indebted for the first vindication of its honor on the sea. It is an achievement which alone is an offset to the defeat of the Union troops at Bull Run."

THE ENCHANTRESS.

The Confederate privateer, after capturing the S. J. Waring, went cruising over the sea, was marching towards freedom. Very early in capturing other vessels, among them the Enchantress, which was captured off the shoals of Nantucket. It had left Boston the day before. and was pointing its prow for St. Jago. The cook on the Enchantress was a colored man. who alone was kept on board by the Captain of the Jeff Davis. He, too, was to be sold when the vessel reached Charleston. The Jeff Davis went on her cruise, and the Enchantress, with a Confederate crew on board, set her sails for that port. There was no chance for the one colored man to strike a blow for liberty such as Wm. Tillman had given. He saw no way of escape. In a few days he would be sold into

slavery. The Enchantress was off Cape Hatteras. United States blockading vessels were off Hatteras Inlet. The Captain of the gunboat Albatross saw a vessel steering south, and ran alongside. The sea was calm. There was little wind.

"What ship is that?" shouted Capt. Prentice of the Albatross. "The Enchantress."

"Where are you from?"

"Whither bound?" "St. Jago."

the Enchantress like a Jack-in-a-box and leap | stone, and

over the taffrail into the sea and swim toward the gunboat.

"Pick up that man; down with the boats," the boats of the Albatross.

"Heave to." was his order to the Enchantress, This was the state of affairs in the Summer and the Enchantress came round, obedient to of 1862. Gens. Fremont and Hunter would the order. The negro told his story, and a few make the slaves free by military proclamation. minutes later the Confederate crew were in | Gen. Buell, in Kentucky, allowed slave-masin tow, steering for Hampton Roads.

THE STEAMER PLANTER. the fort, and sometimes running past the fort to employ them. John Cochrane, Colonel of a way of mending tin cups, canteens, etc., besides to take a look at the Union war ships. She has New York regiment, and a great many other doing all sorts of little odd jobs about camp. who distinguishes himself by his bravery, dar- a 32-pounder pivot gun and a 24-pounder how- officers and men would enlist them as soldiers.

ROBERT SMALL.

Robert Small. He knows all the shoals, shal- serve this Union slavery must be destroyed. inferior-looking fellow-not more than half a lows, and channels of the harbor of Charleston, The Army of the Potomac had been defeated man, according to my idea of one at that time, and all the inlets along the coast. He sees the at Bull Run, and was being driven from the He was not only short and square-built, but Union war ships off the coast. He knows that Peninsula, while Gen. Lee was marching to- had a kind of stunted look about him, as if he the flag waving at the mast-heads is the emblem | wards Washington. Horace Greeley, editor of | had started to be as large as anyone and then of freedom. He believes that the Yankees, of the New York Tribune, writes an open letter to received a sudden veto against growing any the Confederate privateer Jeff Davis ran along. Whom he has heard a great deal, are the true President Lincoln, "The Prayer of Twenty taller, which had sent the rest of him out awkside, capturing the schooner, taking off all the friends of his race. While piloting the Planter Millions," urging the destruction of slavery. wardly sideways. His complexion was swarthy, crew except a German, a Yankee sailor and the around the harbor and through the intricate The hearts of the people were greatly stirred. his eyes small and twinkling as if with narcook, and putting a Confederate Captain, Mate passages of the coast he is turning over a plan They sent the ministers who preached to them row cunning it seemed to me, his hands large

are out. Robert is left in charge of the vessel. ministers from Chicago. The time has come for him to carry out his

eyed they might, perhaps, have seen at midnight | ment which the whole world will see must nec- it aggravated me just to see him sloughing several negroes gliding along the streets towards | essarily be like the Pope's bull against the around as if he hadn't a backbone in his body, the wharf where the Planter was moored, but | comet. Would my word free the slaves, when | to say nothing of other framework. they did not discover five women and three chil- I cannot even enforce the Constitution?" dren, the wives and little ones of the colored

turned over his plan. For three days he had Washington, dispirited and disorganized. o'clock the steam is up.

"CAST OFF!" It is lowly spoken by Capt. Robert Small. The battle of Man yessel as any from the cock. The paddlewheels plash the water. The flag of South | the Secretaries. Carolina and of the Confederacy are flying of steam escape through the whistle. It is the | victory." customary salute. Little does the sentinel,

On towards Fort Sumter, past it, saluting as | ward and forever free." on other days, glides the Confederate war ship. The sentinel on Sumter gazes at her, wondering what the Captain of the Planter is doing, steering straight down the channel towards the

nearest Union war ship-the Onward. The sun has not risen. It is the dim gray of the morning. There is a commotion on board the Onward. The boatswain pipes his whistle. "All hands to quarters!" shouts Capt. Parrott of the gunboat Augusta. The cannon are loaded. "Stand ready there!"

The gunners aim at the advancing vessel, and are ready to open fire, when suddenly they see the Palmetto and Confederate flags come down the halyards, and a white flag flutters in the morning air. The vessel runs alongside the Augusta. Capt. Parrott is astonished when Capt. Robert Small informs him of his exploit. He has brought out a vessel worth \$20,000 and presented it to the United States Government, together with four cannon and a large quantity of ammunition, which was to have been delivered to the Confederate commander in Fort Ripley. There are nine colored men on board who have come over to the side of the Union.

IT WAS A THRILLING DISPATCH which Admiral Dupont, commanding the fleet,

sent to Washington announcing the event. Negroes do this! The people read it in amazement. The newspapers which had opposed the war and which were declaring it a failure; which had all the while been denouncing the negroes as a race which could not take care of themselves, did not know what to make of it. It set people to thinking.

Congress voted that Robert Small and his crew of a naval vessel.

THE MARCH TOWARDS FREEDOM. We are to keep always in mind that the war | hallelujah." as begun was for preserving the Union by maintaining the Government; but the Nation the war, after the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., Gen. Fremont, commending in Missouri, issued a proclamation confiscating the property and making free the slaves of all citizens of Missouri who had taken up arms against the Government. President Lincoln revoked the

Chief to issue such an order. Three days before Robert Small brought out the Planter, Maj.-Gen. Hunter, commanding at Hilton Head, issued a proclamation. He said: "Slavery and martial law in a free country are incompatible. The persons in these States-Georgia, Florida and South Carolina-heretofore held as slaves are, therefore, declared to be free."

order. It was his province as Commander-in-

President Lincoln revoked this order for the same reason that he had revoked Gen. Fremont's. He had sent a message to Congress urging the gradual abolishment of slavery by compensating the masters. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the thinker, had this

to say about it: Pay ransom to the owner, And fill the bag to the brim.

Who is the owner? The slave is owner, And ever was. Pay him.

Congress was ready to pay for the slaves, and so were the people of the Northern States, but The Captain of the Albatross, satisfied with Jefferson Davis and the conspirators who had the answer, was ready to steer away, when the brought about the war were fighting to estabsailors saw a man spring up from hatchway of lish a government with slavery for its corner-

LAUGHED AT THE PROPOSAL. In his message to Congress President Lincoln "They are a privateer crew from the Jeff | appealed to the Border States-Maryland, Dela-Davis, bound for Charleston," shouted the ware, Kentucky and Missouri, which had declared for the Union-to emancipate the slaves. "The change," said Mr. Lincoln, "would come was the order of Capt. Prentice. Down went as the dews of heaven-not rending or wreck- The Raw Recruit whom the ing anything."

irons and the Albatross, with the Enchantress | ters to enter the lines to search for slaves. The icy. Gen. Halleck, who succeeded Fremont in Going down now to Charleston we see a block- Missouri, drove the negroes out of his lines. ading fleet, and beyond Fort Sumter. The Gen. Butler had declared them contraband of Confederate flag flies defiantly above the works | war. Gen. McClellan avowed his intention of of the fort. The Union war ships are not yet | putting down any uprising of the slaves for ready to bombard it. The gunboat Planter is freedom, with the whole force of the army. cruising in the harbor. It is used by Gen. | Gen. Wool believed in employing the negroes Ripley, commanding at Charleston, as a dis- and paying them for their services. Mr. Campatch boat, going nearly every day down to eron, Secretary of War, instructed the Generals been a tinker before the war, and had a handy

The people of the North were

LEARNING A GREAT LESSON-The pilot of the Planter is a colored man- slowly coming to the conviction that to pre- to begin with, he was what I considered an to Washington to plead with the President. and horny, his feet squatty, and his carriage Captain put the Yankee sailor in irons and Monday night comes, May 12, 1862. The Slaves were raising corn and wheat for the sideling and sluggardly. told the German that he must mind the wheel. Planter lies at her wharf in Charleston. The South. "They are doing the work, while the Most of the men of my company were tall, "You are to cook for us, and when we get to Captain and officers are on shore. The fires | white men were fighting," said a delegation of fine-looking, intelligent fellows, and I felt as if

proclamation of emancipation do, as we are finally I condescended to ask the Orderly what If the police of Charleston had been sharp- now situated? I do not want to issue a docu- he saw that was interesting about Buffman, for

> EVENTS WERE HASTENING ON. A week later and the Army of the Potomac,

been secreting things in the hold of the vessel. "I have not," said Mr. Lincoln, a year later, The night is wearing away. It is 2 o'clock in "controlled events, but events have controlled | see. Look at him, now!" the morning when one of the firemen strikes a | me." He saw that slavery was the cause of | There he was, lounging about, near some match and sets the kindling on fire in the fur- the war; that if the Nation was to live, slavery men who were making coffee a little way off. nace. No officer is on board, but the Planter | must die. Through the months while McClel- | His hands were in his pockets, his flat feet is getting ready for a great day's work. At 4 | las was on the Peninsula it had dawned upon | stuck out sideways; he had a ridiculously goodhim, and he had drafted a proclamation. He natured expression on his plain face, and he laid it before the Cabines one week after the was watching the men about their work with

> "Shall I issue it was the question before | battle.

"Not now," said Mr. Seward; "for if you shouldn't wonder if he'd fetched the very wood above the deeks. Down the harbor glides the issue it now the people will say that it is the they are making that coffee with; he's always vessel as on other mornings. Passing Fort John- last measure of an exhausted Government- ready to run for anybody and do things he son, Capt. Small pulls the cord and two pulls a cry for help. Wait till the army wins a isn't obliged to. The boys impose upon him a

pacing his beat on the parapet of the fort, mis- marched on to South Mountain and Antietam- times, they can't help liking him." trust that there has been a change of com- the first victories for the Army of the Potonatural right, and is about to deal the Confed- that "all persons held as slaves on the 1st of into." eracy a blow which will be far-reaching in its January, 1863, in any States or parts of States "Can't say anything bout that, Captain,

"It is an invitation to the blacks to

MURDER THEIR MASTERS," wrote the editor of the Boston Courier, which opposed the war. The next day the editor said: "The slaves will fight for their masters," said the day before.

bitter in their denunciations. "It will destroy the Union," said one. "It is harmless and impotent," wrote another.

"The slaves will cut their masters' throats,' said a third.

Slaveholders from Kentucky and Maryland, who professed to be for the Union, hastened to Washington, asking the President to revoke it, but all over the North loyal men rejoiced.

FREEDOM AT LAST.

On the last night of the year a great crowd of colored people gathered in the "Contraband Camp" at Washington. With the last stroke of the midnight bell, the year of jubilee, the great year of the Lord which they had looked for, prayed for, waited for, was to begin. They had been slaves; thenceforth they were to be free. They kneeled and gave thanks to God; they clapped their hands, shouted and sang.

O, go down, Moses, Way down into Egypt's land; Tell King Pharoah

To let my people go.

O, Pharoah said he would not cross,— Let my people go; But Pharoah and his host were lost --Let my people go.

"Once I cried all night," said a negro; "for the next morning my child was to be sold. She was sold. I never expect to see her again. Now, no more of dat. We's free. Dey can't crew were entitled to the prize money, just the | sell wife and child no more. No more of dat; same as if he had been Captain and they the President Lincom has done shot de gate. Dat's what's de matter."

The great multitude shouted "Amen! Glory

A woman sang: If de Debble do not ketch

Jeff Davis, dat bad wretch, An roast and frigazee dat rebble, Wat's de use ob any Debble

"Amen! Amen! Amen!" came the response This is not fancy, but history that I am writing-a scene in one of the great historic acts of the century. A negro stood on the platform and sang-

John Brown, the dauntless hero, with joy is look-

ing on, From his home among the angels he sees the com-Then up with Freedom's banner and hail the glorious morn When the slaves shall all go free.

The hands of the clock moved on toward midnight. The great multitude kneeled. There was stillness and silence like that of the grave. The bell tolled the hour.

but free. I wish you a happy New Year." It was Dr. Nichols, the Surgeon of the camp, who spoke the words. Then an aged negro, who all his life had been a slave, gave thanks, and asked Almighty God Lie's served me many a good turn, and I'm in-

were fighting to save the Nation. All night long in joy and eestacy they sang. From that hour, wherever the Union soldiers marched they were to bear the banner of

[To be continued.]

One of the Nameless Heroes of the Late

THE GENERAL'S STORY.

War.

HE VINDICATES HIMSELF.

Captain Mistrusted.

22d Wisconsin regiment had reversed that pol- A General Order that Came Before it was too Late.

> BY JAK. [Written for The National Pribune.]

I do not know what his first name was. He went by the name of "Little Buffman." He had

He was a raw recruit in the company of which I was Captain, and I used to look upon him as a sort of disgrace to it. Why? Well,

the little tinker did not belong among them. "What good," said Mr. Lincoln, "would a I wondered the boys took to him so much, and

"Why, don't you know?" says he, "Buffman's the cleverest fellow in the regiment." "Clever!" I replied. "It must be in a silly For more than six weeks Robert Small had | defeated again at Manassas, was moving around | Yankee way that he is clever, and not according to any English sense of the word; he is the greatest lout in the regiment, as far as I can

as much interest as I might have regarded a

"He's off duty now," said the Orderly. I good deal; but he never gets out of patience, The proclamation was laid away; the army and, though they're pretty rough on him some-

"You don't suppose such an easy-going felmanders on the Planter during the night; mac. The battle of Antietam was fought on low as that will amount to anything as a solthat the man who stands in the pilot house | Sept. 17, 1862. On the 22d Abraham Lincoln | dier, do you? It is my opinion you will find with the cord in his hand has assumed a great | issued his proclamation informing the world | him sneaking off the very first battle we get

> then in rebellion should be then, thencefor- There's no telling what a man's made of in that line till be's been under fire. But Buffman hasn't shirked anything that stood in his way I wanted my men to like me, and I slways

> treated them well. I had been civil enough to Buffman, although I couldn't bear the sight of which was not quite consistent with what he his ungainly figure among my good-looking soldiers. But I felt a little curious after this talk with the Orderly, and thought I would The newspapers which opposed the war were have a few words with the fellow out of the formal, distant way in which I usually addressed him.

I went over to the tent where the men were making the coffee and spoke to them about something. Then I turned to the little tinker

and said: "Do you like a soldier's life pretty well,

Buffman?" "I haint no fault to find with it. I takes things as they comes. I like bein' with the boys," he replied, in his slow, slouching way, with a kind of a lisp in his speech, which was another of his peculiarities. He half hung his head as he spoke, and looked up at me sideways in a bashful way, with his little twink-

"We shall have a battle before long. You haven't been under fire yet?" No; I haint," he replied, looking dreamily at the fire. Then he straightened up in a shambling sort of way, and his eyes twinkled

ning, as he added: "But I s'pose I can't do no worse'n Pinkerton did!" Pinkerton was a deserter. "Well, no, you can't," I replied dryly; "and I wouldn't advise a man in my company to try

still more with what seemed to me a low cun-

that game." I went back and remarked to the Orderly: "He is nothing but a common, spiritless fellow. As I said before, we shall find him skulking

the first time we come across the enemy." Not long after, we did come across the enemy quite unexpectedly, and there was some lively skirmishing, during which we put the enemy to flight and followed them quite a distance. When the roll was called after this, Buffman was missing, and it was found that he had not been seen since the beginning of the skirmish. An investigation elicited the fact that he had volunteered to get water for several of the men, and had left the company estensibly for that purpose; since that time nothing had been

seen of him. "Just as I told you." I said to the orderly. "I knew there was no fight in him. He is an easy, good-natured sneak. I had hoped that no coward would have been found in my company; but I suspected him from the moment I set eyes on him, lolling around in that slipshod fashion! I will make him serve one good "Men and women, you are no longer slaves, turn if I can get hold of him! I'll make an

example of him!" "I can say this for Buffman," replied the orderly. "I never expected him to turn coward, to bless President Lincoln and the soldiers who clined to hear what he can say for himself when he turns up."

"Turns up!" I ejaculated. "Most likely he will not turn up at all. If he does, I shall not be fooled by any of his excuses. At the very least, he was absent without leave, and he shall